

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrhys*, hee
whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and emballed with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhys at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnerued father falls:

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhys* care, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhys* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heaucns, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *pirrhys* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhys* bleeding sword

Prince of Denmark

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune
In generall sinod take away her
Breake all the spokes, and folles
And boule the round naue down
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers wi
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or

Play. But who, a woe, had see

Ham. The mobled Queene

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp an
With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpo
Where late the Diadem stood,
About her lanck and all ore-tes
A blancket in the alarme of fea
Who this had scene, with tong
Gainst fortunes state would tre
But if the gods themselues did
When she saw *Pirrhys* make ma
In mincing with his sword her
The instant burst of clamor tha
Vnlesse thing; mortall mooue
Would haue made milch the b
And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has no
in's eyes prethee no more;

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee
good my Lord will you see th
heare, let them be well vsed, t
Chronicles of the time; after
bad Epitaph then their ill repo

Pol. My Lord, I will vse th

Ham. Gods bodkin man, r
desert, and who shall scape w
honour and dignity, the les
in your bounty. Tak

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, we